

OPEN TO ALL
THE NEW YORK WORLD
GUARANTEES
THAT ITS REGULAR AVERAGE
DAILY CIRCULATION DURING
THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS
YEAR WAS 228,267 AND THAT
THIS IS AT LEAST 100,000 MORE
THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER
IN AMERICA
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TO REFUND
ALL MONEY PAID FOR ADVERTISING
UPON A PROPER TEST.
THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT
VERIFIED.

Circulation Books Always Open.

THE DEATH-TRAP FIRE.

Of what use are building laws, of what value is a Building Bureau and a Fire Department in this city, if such a cruel death-trap as that on the Bowery, in which seventeen human beings were burned to death yesterday afternoon, is allowed to be maintained?

Here was a building completely shut in between a theatre, a saloon, a pawnbroker's shop and other tenements, all extra hazardous, and reached only by a passage-way 2 1/2 feet wide and an alley 8 feet wide, the two being together 60 feet in length. Into this wretched den were huddled some sixty persons, tenants and workers. What wonder that when flames broke out in such a trap, filled with wooden partitions, they spread so rapidly as to swallow up the inmates as if they had been so many shavings, and to destroy nearly a score of lives, besides inflicting serious injuries on others?

The general powers of the department are sufficient to prevent the occupation of such a building either as a residence or a factory, and it is to be hoped that some one may be held responsible for the terrible calamity.

THE BOB-TAIL-GAR BOMBOIDE.

The Twenty-third Street Railroad corporation is doing its best to protect its officers against the consequences of the manslaughter of Mrs. SOPHIA LEVY. Its lawyers flock into the Coroner's office and seek to block the proceedings by refusing to produce books and insisting on cross-examining witnesses. Yesterday one of the corporation's lawyers served a Supreme Court writ on the Coroner, requiring him to show cause next Monday why he should not be prohibited from compelling the General Manager of the road to produce the slaughter records of the company, on the ground that Mr. McLEAN has already been committed for manslaughter and the production of the records might tend to criminate him.

HEATED TERM POLITICS.

Politics and political wire-pulling and pipe-laying are to some people very agreeable pastimes. Yet how readily they yield to the attractions of fishing, yachting and the gayeties of summer resorts. Here is Gen. HARRISON, shaking hands and making speeches despite the warm weather with Premier BLAINE on the ocean making his way back to receive a political ovation, and President CLEVELAND quietly slips off with wily Secretary DAN to enjoy four or five days' yachting and blue-fishing. Here are enterprising organs nominating Mr. HEWITT, Congressman CUMMINGS and WILLIAM B. GRACE for Mayor, and Sheriff GRANT is sporting at Saybrook and Ed KEARNEY is lounging on the Saratoga balconies.

After all, playing politics during the heated term is seldom an effective and winning game, and those who give up the summer to enjoyment may return invigorated in the fall and speedily upset all the nice arrangements so glibly made during their absence from the city.

There seems to be a good prospect that Governor's Island will before long be enjoyed by our citizens as a public park. This will indeed be a boon to our downtown population. But the most important point at the present moment is the opening of Stuyvesant Park. Here is a fine pleasure ground ready for the use, recreation and healthful enjoyment of thousands of our toiling citizens, and nothing but a few

padlocks and the wooden heads of a handful of selfish and stupid people stand in the way of its immediate utilization. Let the Park Commissioners throw open Stuyvesant Park this season and do their best to give us Governor's Island next year.

We have a noble set of firemen and policemen in New York and some really brave men among our people. This is demonstrated clearly enough whenever a great calamity that calls for presence of mind and personal daring occurs. The horrible fire in the Bowery yesterday developed these excellent traits in a marked degree, and the brave men who did such fearless work in rescuing their fellow-creatures from a horrible fate deserve the highest honor and praise.

It is said that man is naturally a gambler. No one who attends the race tracks can doubt that the saying is equally true as applied to women. The freedom and spirit with which the fair betters on the grand stands throw their fives and twenties for investment on favorite horses show how thoroughly they enjoy the excitement of a game of chance, and while they do not take their losses quite so philosophically as men do, they are always ready to try their luck again.

What an extraordinary and unaccountable animal a dependent lover is, anyway. The last bridge-jumper, MATTHEW BRYAN, who beat the record by jumping from a higher point on the bridge than any of his predecessors, is said to have taken the leap because he was a hopeless lover. He wanted to kill himself. Yet as soon as he felt the cold water and rose to the surface after his dive, he struck out stoutly for a tug to save his life.

Gen. BUTLER has turned up again. He has been at Washington for a few days and declares himself in favor of protection. BENJAMIN thinks that his vote in New York in 1884 lacked "protection." From the size it certainly seems to have lacked something.

GOOD THINGS FOR SUNDAY'S DINNER.

- Celery, 10 cents.
- Lettuce, 5 cents.
- White perch, 15 cents.
- Hallibut steak, 15 cents.
- Lima beans, \$1.25 a peck.
- Peas, 40 to 50 cents a peck.
- Blackfish, 15 cents a pound.
- Moonfish, 15 cents a pound.
- Raspberries, 5 cents a third.
- Blackberries, 15 cents a box.
- Watermelons, 30 to 50 cents.
- Live lobsters, 10 to 15¢ each.
- String beans, 10 cents a quart.
- White potatoes, 15 cents a bushel.
- Oranges, 40 to 50 cents a dozen.
- Corn, 15 cents a dozen; best, 30 cents.
- Large bluefish, 15 cents, small, 10 cents.
- Pineapples, 15 cents; best, 20 to 35 cents.
- Pears, 40 cents a dozen; best, 50 to 75 cents.
- Peaches, 30 cents a dozen; large, 60 cents to \$1.
- Lemons, 30 cents a dozen; small, 20 to 25 cents.
- Muskellons—Small, 5 to 8 cents; large, 15 to 20 cents.

FIVE GOOD MEN.

Willie Thurg has recovered from his recent illness, and can be seen at his old place. Joe Sailer took the breath from the boys in Fulton Market by appearing among them minus four-fifths of his hair. John Monto takes his ease during the warm weather. He divides his leisure hours between the club and the near-by summer resorts. William C. McBride, Jr., has returned from his vacation looking as brown as a berry and earnestly trying to impress on his friends that he had "the best time in his life."

WORLDLINGS.

There is a shoemaker in Buffalo who, working at his bench, has become a wonderful linguist and bids fair one day to rival Eliza Burritt. One of the waiters employed at one of the larger clubs in Chicago is the son of a well-to-do and prominent man in Holland, a former General in the army and the head of an ancient baronial family. Another waiter, a German, who died in Chicago recently, had similar aristocratic antecedents.

Aluminum, the silvery metal that used to cost \$200 a pound thirty-five years ago, is now produced at the Krupp Gun Works at Essen, Germany, for 20 cents a pound. Common clay everywhere contains from two to ten pounds of it in every hundred pounds, and it is likely, within the next decade or two, to become more common than iron.

BITS OF HOFFMAN HOUSE TALK.

"There is more talk than money on the election."
"Yes, you hear of bets, but you can't find any one who is willing to bet."
"The betting men are keeping quiet. It is too early in the campaign."
"That would be funny. Edward Kearney out of the Counties and James W. Boyle fighting under Maurice J. Power."
"Have you seen Edward Cahill?"
"I guess County Clerk Clark will be renominated."
"We will miss Eddie O'Reilly. Death captured a bright young reporter. The politicians liked him."
"I hear the name of Richard A. Cunningham mentioned for Congress."
"Merriman will not be renominated for Congress."
"He voted against the Mills bill."
"I am told that Col. Willson L. Brown is slated for Congress in Merriman's district."
"Wonder if the new Aqueduct Commissioners will bounce many of the old clerks."
"I wouldn't be surprised if the County Democracy renominated Mayor Hewitt."
"I'll bet a bunch of bananas that Tammany Hall will favor the renomination of Gov. Hill."
"All the fellows who have been turned out of the Custom-House will turn out in the Blaine parade."

JOHN M. WARD on the origin of Baseball a reply to Prof. Proctor. See the SUNDAY WORLD. In Supplement to the SUNDAY WORLD, Thackeray's story, "The Great Hoagerty Diamond," complete.

THE JOKING OF THE JOKERS.

THOUSANDS HAVE ENTERED THE SNICKER TOURNAMENT.

It Promises to Be the Greatest Event in the History of Humor—Steady Improvement in the Quality of the Contributions—We Shall Have Something Real Funny After a While.

We Return the Smile.
As brevity is the soul of wit, how does this strike you?
A famous letter-carrier.
[A stamp was neatly pasted here.]
Yours with a smile, Ed I. TOMALLIE, Yonkers, Aug. 2.

The Joker Nipped.
A doctor stepped in at a carpenter shop at Long Branch not long since while on his way to meet a train. The carpenter was putting on a finishing coat of paint to complete a job he had made for a customer. The doctor, after watching him a moment, remarked: "Oh, I see putty and paint sometimes cover up your bad jobs, don't they?"
The carpenter turned instantly on the doctor and replied: "Yes, and a hole in the ground often covers up your bad jobs, don't they?"
They have not spoken to each other from that day to this. CHARLES NICHOLAS, 354 Halsey street, Brooklyn, Aug. 2.

It Is Not Very Bad.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A young lady at my side, on seeing the enclosed cut, asks: "If it would not be a good



source of inspiration for the other 'Rider Haggard' story. How is that for an inspiration? New York City. Wm. H. SMITH.

The Pomster at Work.
Walking through the garden last night I stumbled and fell over an article that had been removed from its accustomed place—the eastern. A friend, standing near, exclaimed: "You have kicked the bucket." "I haven't," I replied, "I've kicked a little pale (pail)." M. R. A.

What It Was For.
Farmer (in store, to clerk, pointing to new style of hay-cut): "Say, young fellow, what's that machine there for?"
Clerk—That's for sale, sir. TIM SULLIVAN, 194 Fulton street, Brooklyn, Aug. 2.

The Way of the Butcher.
Butcher—Come, Carl, be lively now! Break the bones in Mr. Black's chops and put Mrs. Grey's ribs in the basket for her.
Carl (briskly)—All right, sir; as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Nance's leg. WM. KEARNEY, 296 West Tenth street, New York, Aug. 3.

He Does It Frequently.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It is now certain that Jay Gould is reported on good authority that he bought an extra World last week. TONY BURKE, News Agent Long Island Railroad.

Ode to Bill Nye.
Jokes often now in print appear
To the one who laugh or cry
But 'pon my soul I greatly fear
None will affect Bill Nye.
For he is witty, he is just,
And will open people's eyes;
He'll do his duty or he'll bust
In giving out the prize.
Who will the winning joker be?
Is asked by one one all.
Look in THE EVENING WORLD and see
On whom you have to call.
Bill Nye has been appointed judge,
And nobly fills the "docket."
But from his chair he need not budge—
The prize just fits his pocket.
N. O. GIFFY.
[It undoubtedly would, but Judge Nye is barred.—Ed.]

An Uncomplaining Clock.
Master of House (looking at the clock and doubting its correctness as to time)—How is the clock, Annie?
Annie—Futh, sir, I haven't heard her complain. Miss M. S. DUDLEY, 437 Madison street, Brooklyn.

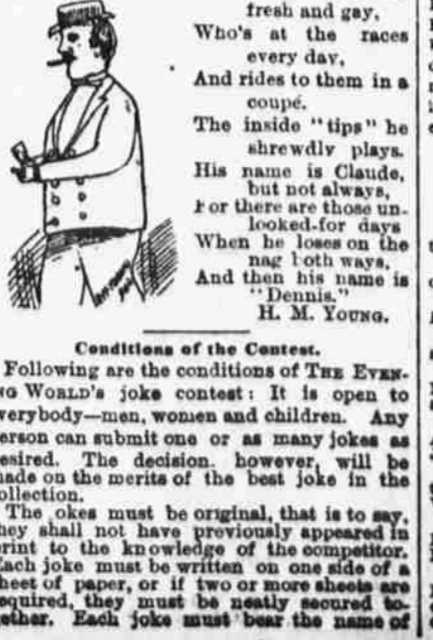
In a Restaurant.
Waiter—Do you want a steak to order?
Jerseyman—No, I want a steak to eat. F. X. H.

It Would Be Funny.
Judge Nye and me may not agree,
Nor those who for the prize will strive.
That the best joke of all would be
For me to win that twenty-five. JAMES EGGO, 569 Fourth avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

From a Twelve-Year Old.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I enclose an original joke, with picture, which I hope you will kindly publish. I am twelve years old, and after having read all of Mr. Nye's works, am ready to launch out in a humorist. If the joke is worthy of it, kindly do it justice. HARRY M. YORK, 1276 Third avenue, city, Aug. 2.

You've Seen Him at Monmouth.
This is the sport so fresh and gay,
Who's at the races every day,
And rides to them in a coupe.
The inside "tips" he shrewdly plays.
His name is Claude, but not always.
For there are those unlooked-for days
When he loses on the horse.
And then his name is "Dennis." H. M. YOUNG.

Conditions of the Contest.
Following are the conditions of THE EVENING WORLD'S joke contest: It is open to everybody—men, women and children. Any person can submit one or as many jokes as desired. The decision, however, will be made on the merits of the best joke in the collection.
The jokes must be original, that is to say, they shall not have previously appeared in print to the knowledge of the competitor. Each joke must be written on one side of a sheet of paper, or if two or more sheets are required, they must be neatly secured together. Each joke must bear the name of



FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Harlem's Waste Places Full of Strange Bloom and Sweet Perfume.

Just now the uninhabited wastes of Harlem are blooming with sweet-scented flower gardens. Even the oldest inhabitant cannot remember the like of it, and the weed or shrub, or whatever it is, has spread itself in such profusion over the roadways and vacant lots, and along the sidewalks in unfrequented streets and avenues, that the Bureau of Incumbrances may be called upon to remove this vegetable obstruction to travel.

The flowers are about 2 feet high on an average and bears innumerable clusters of small white flowers. Their fragrance is almost overpowering in its sweetness, and the pedestrian can always tell when he is approaching one of those paternal flower gardens from the leeward a block or more away. The largest patches are on the west side, about One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, along the Harlem River front, and the adjoining streets.

It is said that the plant has only made its appearance within the last two or three years, and that every season it is extending its growth further and further. Some of the blossoms which were gathered last year in big bunches and put away have not only preserved their fragrance, but actually increased it, and now a great many people are harvesting a supply while the plant is in bloom.

That the flowers are rich in honey is shown by the fact that they attract swarms of bees, which seem to find in them an unlimited supply of provender.

In a single thick patch of the shrubs on Sixty-third street, near One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, there are enough honey bees on any sunny day to stock half a dozen good-sized hives, and the noise made by the thousands of wings resembles at a little distance the humming of a buzz saw.

How the Fresh-Air Children Leave the Big Depot at Jersey City.

Those passengers on the Pennsylvania Railroad who are inclined to sentiment and tenderness find much to interest them in the daily departure of the child beneficiaries of the Fresh-Air Fund from the big depot in Jersey City each afternoon.

The train leaving the depot at 4.15 always carries two car-loads of the happy youngsters, in charge of motherly women and a superintendent. The children march from the ferry-boat to the waiting-room by two, the blue-coated officials of the company call "Here come the youngsters," and Big Policeman Rien becomes guard marshal, taking the hand of the leading urchin and guiding the long line to the cars.

Every one in the depot makes way for the little ones, watching their happy faces with varied symptoms of sympathy and occasional saking of the tiny travellers their destination.

"The country," is the laconic and invariable answer. Boarding the cars the children scramble down seats and soon each window frames two eager faces and each face is a study.

Taken yesterday from the gutters of New York and out to-day for the green woods and fields of New Jersey, there is little time for transformation.

The drawn, peaked faces of poverty and suffering predominate, with not a rosy cheek among them all. The eyes glitter and dart about all the time of bobbing heads, and every one seems kind.

The train leaves the depot amid shrill screams and cheers of delight. Handkerchiefs and hats wave, and the two car-loads present a most animated appearance until the dusty city streets have been left behind and the hills and vales of the storied "country" are undulating about the train.

Everybody Picked Up the Bag, and So Did the Reporter.

A lot of boys and an inflated paper bag furnished amusement for a good-sized audience of loungers at the Battery the other day.

The bag lay on the walk, and everyone who passed along was attracted by its appearance of fullness.

Passers by would almost invariably stoop down, pick up the bag, look into it, put it back carefully and then smile and walk on. "Why do you people do that?" a porter picked up the bag, took and saw a card with the word "sold" printed on it carefully fastened to the bottom.

Men Whom It's Pleasant to Meet in Rainy Weather.

Rain changes the aspect of things in the city about as radically as a snoring, howling detachment of the Salvation Army.

Horses go struggling and slipping, along and their drivers are in their best fighting mood.

Umbrellas bump into each other, while the owners, or, more accurately speaking, their holders, grinned at each other's alleged awkwardness.

Such men as this are most pleasant to look upon, especially when one is about to succumb to the prevailing and disagreeable influence. They will bring one back to one's self again and cause a smile in spite of the rain.

BLAINE'S W. L. COME HOME.

The Parole Expected Thursday Evening—Loyal Republicans Getting Ready.

It has been decided by the Committee of Arrangement, which has charge of the reception to Mr. Blaine on his arrival from Europe, that the public parade in his honor will not take place until the evening after the day of his arrival. As the City of New York is due on Wednesday, the parade will probably occur on Thursday evening.

Grand Marshal Jackson is busy completing the arrangements for the procession, which will include probably all the Republican clubs and organizations in the city, as well as a large number of visiting organizations from all over the country, and it is estimated that there will be at least 25,000 men in line. Brooklyn alone will send 8,000. The reviewing stand will be erected at the North Mount and will be under the charge of Assistant Marshal John W. Jacobus.

The Pennsylvania Division will be commanded by Gen. C. H. T. Collins, and Major Obed Wheeler has been assigned to the duty of the Veterans' Division. The latter has just pined his headquarters at the Murray Hill Hotel, and there is no doubt that this turnout of veterans will be very large.

Punishment for Nib.
[From the Epoch.]
Sunday-school Teacher—Tommy Traddles, do you know where people go to who steal?
Tommy Traddles—Yes 'em, 'em some of 'em go to jail, but most of 'em go to Canada.

Not a Competent Critic.
[From the Burlington Free Press.]
Miss Boston—How do you like the artist Whistler's work?
Mr. Chicago—Can't say. Never heard him.

MISS WALSH AS DESDEMONA.

She Makes a Distinctly Favorable Impression on a Large Audience.

A performance of "Othello" was given at the Windsor Theatre last night, and it was interesting solely because Miss Walsh appeared as Desdemona.

Miss Walsh made a decidedly favorable impression. She has a pretty, musical voice, a clear, intelligent countenance and a large supply of dramatic intelligence. Her face is comely and she is graceful. The audience, which was large and interested, gave her a very cordial reception. She was not at all nervous.

Miss Walsh's support was very indifferent. J. Gordon Emmons was not the Othello of Shakespeare's play, nor was Stanislaus Stange an intelligent Iago. In fact, these two gentlemen made do well to avoid Shakespearean plays for a few years. J. Russell Throckmorton did fairly well as Cassio. The costumes were handsome and Miss Walsh being especially noticeable. The play was well put upon the stage.

HARLEM JUBILANT TO-NIGHT.

Big Guns to Boom Cleveland and Thurman at the Harlem Democratic Club.

The uptown Democrats are going to make this evening a notable one in the campaign for Cleveland and Thurman. The doors of the Harlem Democratic Club, 17 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, will be thrown wide open and crowds will flock to the club's second grand ratification meeting for the Democratic candidates.

The large hall has been decorated with American flags and red bannanians, and Captain Sever's Ninth Regiment band will play inspiring airs.

Among the big guns who will speak are Roger Q. Mills of Texas; W. C. Breckenridge of Kentucky; Howard Ellis, of New Jersey; Benjamin Day of New York, and Col. G. W. Fry, of Georgia.

BUILDING-TRADE INTERESTS.

The Section Drags to Light a Crowded Italian Tenement—A Fight Ended.

Eugene Rice, of the Housemiths' Union, wielded the gavel at the meeting of the Building Trades' Section last night. Delegates were received from the Cement and Asphalt-Layers' Union, Electric House-Wiremen's Union, Slate and Metal Roofers' Union, Tin and Sheet-Iron Workers' Union, Progress Association, Mosaic and Encaustic Tile-Layers' Union and Progressive Painters' Union No. 4.

The Lumber-Handlers' and Truck-Drivers' Association announced its withdrawal from the section and from the Central Labor Union, and the Italian Tile-Layers' Union entered by the Encaustic Tile-Layers' Union and referred to the Central Labor Union.

The secretaries of all organizations were requested to ascertain how many of their members will join in the Labor Day parade and report to the Section Secretary as soon as possible.

The Tin and Sheet-Iron Workers' Union, the Reliance Labor Club of Marble Workers, Progressive Painters Nos. 3 and 6, the German House-Painters Union and Lodges 5, 6 and 7, the Portland Cement Workers' Union, painters and Joiners reported that they will turn out in full force.

Delegate Van Arsdale reported a house in Brooklyn, in which the Italian Tile-Layers' Union packed like sardines in a box, families of from five to nine persons eating and sleeping in one or two rooms with little or no ventilation. The men and boys are let out under contract at 25 cents a day each.

The committee sent to the Furniture Workers' Section reported that the difficulty between the Stairbuilders' Union and the Progress Association had been amicably settled.

The Section decided to get all possible information on the case and communicate it to the Chairman of the Congressional Investigating Committee.

A Contradiction by Secretary Allen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In issue of your issue of July 31 that Mr. J. B. Ryan, President of the New York Wire-Mattress Company, denies the report in your paper that there had been a strike of the employees of that concern, and affirms that the company did not make a reduction of wages, as reported.

I desire to contradict Mr. Ryan, in behalf of the Furniture-Workers' Section, in which both a report of the strike was made and given to your reporter, officially.

In the same behalf I wish to state that the strike is still on, and further action has been taken in regard to it.

I further wish to state that the reduction was exactly 33.3 per cent.
[Seal.] AL. M. ALLEN, Recording Secretary.

In the Labor Field.

Delegate Stuck, of Union No. 7, presided at the meeting of the Furniture Workers' Section last night.

Pleading to the difficulty with the Central Labor Union, it is not likely that Typographical Union No. 6, will turn out on Labor day.

Delegate Sam having declined to serve as Marshal for the great parade on Labor Day, Delegate Allen was last evening selected for the position.

It is believed that fully 10,000 men will join in the Labor Day parade, and some labor leaders say the number will reach 15,000. Carriages, carry-all stages will be provided for the female workers.

The Fibre Association of Mattress-Makers has requested the Furniture Workers' Section to send its delegates to the great parade on Labor Day. Wire-Mattress Company's factory, where it alleged the wages had been reduced one-third.

The Central Labor Union will meet to-morrow to discuss the case it will pursue in the campaign. The leaders favor such action as will give labor a larger representation in the Legislature, and organized efforts to elect labor-friendly legislators.

J. F. Sullivan, the young man of the United Piano-Makers who has been selected as Grand Marshal for the great parade on Labor Day, has the cut of the great Napoleon. He is said to be practicing horsemanship riding and studying military drill for the war will come into line and give the proper commands.

District Assembly 49th two factions will meet to-morrow afternoon, the Quinn delegates probably will be the majority, and will elect a Public Square. Most of the local assemblies having withdrawn their financial support the question of "Piquers" for the war will come into line and give the proper commands.

No Rose Without a Thorn.
[From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.]
A woman dentist in Philadelphia is reported to have a practice of \$11,000 a year. And yet she is often seen looking down in the mouth.

Hot Days.

Have a weakening effect, causing loss of strength and a languor of mind as well as body. This condition prevails in the development of febrile and disease otherwise inactive. In such cases the system readily rallies under the influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, tones and strengthens the digestive organs, and infuses fresh life and energy. Try it this season. "My wife and myself were both generally run down, and Hood's Sarsaparilla brought us out of that state, feeling and made us feel like young people again. It has done more for us than all other medicines together." RICHARD HAWTHORNE, Amherst, Long Island, N. Y.

THE DOCTOR HARD AT WORK.

THE SULTRY DAYS BRING SICKNESS TO MANY POOR BABIES.

One Little One Who Never Had a Night-Gown—Gratitude of the Mothers Over the Presence of Baby Clothes From "The Evening World's" Generous Readers—A Bright Little Interpreter Who Came to a Mother's Assistance.

"Doctor—baby—sick," exclaimed a small, dark-haired, dark-eyed Italian woman as The Evening World physician was passing through Cherry street yesterday.

"Where?" asked the doctor. The woman shook her small, glossy head anxiously and rapidly uttered some words in her native tongue.

"Baby sick! sick!" she reiterated. "Take me to baby," said the physician. The poor woman looked distressed, and gazed about her as if seeking some mode of expressing her wishes, for the words she had uttered were evidently all she knew of English.

At this moment a little girl of about five years came out of a neighboring alley. The woman added some words to the child, when she turned to the physician and exclaimed in remarkably good English: "Please hasten, her baby is so sick."

But where?" asked the doctor. The little one's tongue, glided swiftly and smoothly over the intricate words of her mother tongue, and she turned to the physician and said: "She said: you come," and the bright little interpreter followed.

"So sick," Ah, yes, the mother had spoken truly; the poor little baby was in dire need of medical assistance. It was with difficulty that the physician made the few words which the mother understood, and his directions. She thought the free prescription was a bill for services rendered, and alternately kissed her baby's tiny hand and refused the prescription.

The gift of some of the warm, soft little clothes so generously furnished by Mrs. Evanson Wilson's readers brought tears to her soft dark eyes, and the unintelligible words she uttered were surely nothing but profuse and heartfelt thanks. Such a world of good those little clothes do! How the faces of the women expand with delight at the sight of the pretty garments!

One little child had nothing on but a tiny muslin shirt. Its puny little face looked drawn and pinched, for, although it was a warm day, the child was insufficiently clothed, and the gift of a pair of shirts, skirts, stockings and nightgowns made another mother feel wealthy.

"Night-gowns! Why, the child had never had one! Please thank the kind lady who sent them for me," exclaimed the grateful mother, when told that Mrs. D. Lyons, of 310 Seventh street, Brooklyn, was the generous giver.

A large package was also distributed from "A Mother, of Roselle, N. J." The baby shoes were received with loud exclamations of delight. "Why, they are almost new," said one mother, as she tied the tiny things on her baby's feet. "Now, don't that look nice as the foot of a child of the big wife?" she exclaimed admiringly, holding up the wee foot of her baby.

Little Dannie Doyle, one of the patients, is rapidly improving, and "Mamie's" books are a source of great pleasure to the weak little convalescent. As soon as he is stronger he will write a note of thanks to Mamie, he says.

A baby on Jackson street was suffering severely with one of the little ailments that beset her, "teething." "Sure, he cries all the night and day," lamented his almost exhausted mother. But it was not his fault that there was no thoroughgoing "through the red gums for the sharp little teeth. And babies do not cry usually unless they are in pain or uncomfortable. Remember this when you hear the fretful wailing of your next door neighbor's little one.

STUYVESANT PARK PETITION.

"Render Unto the People the Things That Are the People's."

Let every public spirited citizen of New York sign the accompanying petition, out it out and forward it to THE EVENING WORLD. The hearing before the Park Commissioners occurs next Wednesday, and the people's case, as against that of a few selfish property-holders, should be made convincing and overwhelming. The signed petitions received will be laid before the Commission by THE EVENING WORLD.

STUYVESANT PARK PETITION.

Whereas, Stuyvesant Park was given to the people of New York by Peter G. Stuyvesant for their use, and as a Public Square; and whereas, a large proportion of our citizens, by reason of their daily toil, are unable to visit the park except in the evening, we, the undersigned, citizens of New York, respectfully request that your Honorable Board take action at the earliest possible date for the opening of the gates until at least 10 p. m., and that all arrangements be made without delay for the proper lighting and policing of said park.

Signed:

Residence.....

Residence.....

Residence.....

Residence.....

Residence.....

Residence.....

Residence.....